Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Written for the Casket.

AN ADDRESS TO THE INTEMPERATE.

"Awake arise! or be for ever fall'n."

"Why is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. Ch. xx. v. 1.

Heirs of eternal bliss or woe, stand!
And hear the counsel of a friend!
One, who shed in fully's paths! mean,
Wish the best portion of your being!
The friend at length, those enemies of life,
With God and goodness capable at strife!
Redeem'd to plan, the eternal world regard,
And of his dreadful unholy cloud care!

Sigh what from dissipation do ye gain,
Sad profit! what, with pain and toil
The largest sack, and unabiding heap!
A "mind diseased" and a body weak!
The wreck also and ruins of the heart,
Are the possessions of a speedy death;
And of your sins, the sum on sum,
To soon must drop, and fill the drunkard's grave.

Of stupid beings, thus your time to spend,
And think an life of your honor end;
But still a rich and glorious thing,
How at the hor of God will ye appear!

When ye shall stand before the "great white throne,"
And the secrets of your heart will be laid bare,
Your crimes of common dye will stand unfurl'd,
In presence of a congregated world;
Your deeds of darkness will be seen to light,
And fill your guilty souls with sad affright:
With shame, confusion, and deep fix'd pain,
Ye then will call on rocks—hill—and on mountains too, to fall upon your head.
And hide you from the face of your offended God;
Fruitless requests! stern Justice bids ye go,
To taste the sharpness of eternal woe;
To feel the blackness of despair,
And dwell for ever with devouring fire.

Fast all relief ye then will call to mind,
The counsel of your dearest friends,
Why yes the Drunkard's final course should have,—
For, awful truth! endless misery has law,
And serves to make the piercing sense more keen,
Of what you are, and what you might have been.

Haply in these dread realms ye'll recognise,
The inspiration of the Holy Spirit in your days,
Of course, by your example led astray,
Who haven't devoted the powers of your day
At how that meeting these will surprise,
The gloomy horrors of your hopeless state
How will they shrink, with their dark degrees,
And, demon like, will curse ye to your face.

This painful subject I might still present,
And other awful things to your view,
But, nature sickens! gladly then I cease,
And turn to scenes of Pure and Peace.
Delightful theme! to make your joy more sure,
Of then the "GRACE" discord, and yet no more,
To God will you, and your children,
Your multiplied acts of wickedness,
For mercy plead the blood of Christ was split,
To receive the free and boundless gift of grace
Believe on Him, and save as He hath died,
Before this fair country, and the world beside.

Come then immortal and no longer date
Jehovah's vengeance, but for death prepare!
Your little span of time is nearly run,
And profile'd mercy then will be no more.

Flee from the wrath to come, with holy fear,
And when your God in judgment shall appear
Then shall ye stand with acceptance before Him
The praises of your mighty God and King!
And gain those realms, exempt from sin and thrall,
Where—"one universal song of praise" all!

J. H.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

An Adventure,

DURING THE LATE WAR.

One day in July, 1814, whilst fishing with two other boys in a skiff, about a mile from the shore, at the mouth of New London harbour, we observed a boat with eight or ten persons in it, coming down the river to the westward of us. At first we supposed it contained a party of young officers from the British squadron, who frequently came in small boats ashore by stealth, on the island, at the mouth of the river; but on a nearer approach, we could see that those at the oars, and one or two others, were dressed in the garb of men-of-war's men, and our apprehensions were soon relieved by their running off with all their might as soon as they landed. After they had disappeared, and seeing no prospect of their being pursued by any of the boats of the squadron, we rowed our small skiff behind the rocks, keeping close to the shore, until within a few rods of their boat, when we landed under cover of a large rock, and proceeded cautiously to the boat. In the boat we found a quantity of bread, cheese, pork and fowl, and a handkerchief over its mouth. We immediately concluded that we had learned that the crew had risen upon him, about 60 miles off, on the coast, and that he was put on shore—the boat having been despatched by the frigate Majestic, to reconnoitre a sloop, that they supposed was Capt. Howard's Indian with flour, from New York, a fact the midshipman was unable to ascertain, as he was put on board of her after the sloop to make his way to New London, where it arrived after some difficulty, as I shall relate presently.

The midshipman, now Captain R——, of the Royal Navy, whose name I had the pleasure of dining with) we ascertained, was one of a party that we had taken in with our wounded prisoners, who were brought ashore here. They then treated us very kindly, took some of the bread, and in turn gave us some refreshments, requesting us to exchange our fishing apparatus for a pair of pistols.

Being an acquaintance we took him to my father's house, where he remained several days. He remained with us during the day and part of the night, for, awaking very early on the morning of the 4th, he was left us, leaving a note saying he would take our skiff, and in its place gave a eight barrel gun. We accordingly were disposed to connive at his escape, considering the manner he came into our possession; however, our house was completely exposed to the whole squadron, without any other means of defence than Fort Trumbull, at a distant seven or eight miles. In fact they frequently landed near us, and took what provisions they could find unprotected, and would throw a few guineas at the women, and say if they did not think they were poor they would take what they wanted without leave."

The boat we took to New London, and had on one of the oars a young sprout, for seventy dollars, quite a sum for them boys, the oldest not fourteen.

Captain Howard's sloop was chased by the British ships of war, but got safe into one of the Works. Guns were brought to her rescue—Two companies of militia, commanded by Captain Beebe, Captain Biddle, and other officers, were attending the Presbyterian church, at New London, at the hour the Indian was anticipated at sea. On the town. Captain Decatur proceeded with six boats to the mouth of the river, and by a well-timed movement of every description of the barges of the Wasp, and those of the frigate Macedonian, they succeeded in getting her safe into London in safety. The sloop was got off and warped into New London harbour. Capt. Howard continued to run down to New York, during the war, taking advantage of the dark nights, his knowledge of the sound, and the waters. As for the boat's crew, they all escaped except one, who, report says, was decoyed and taken by a lady, who was strongly suspected of supplying the British with fresh provisions.

The British Admiral, Hardy, had offered one thousand dollars reward to any one who would bring him a deserter. He was induced to offer this large sum in consequence of frequent desertions from the British Navy. I never heard of but one being taken back, and this was the person I inhabited at New London, and whom Captain —— carried him off one night when he took his eight barrel gun. I believe that, on his informing the captain of the Ramilies who he was, he (the captain) took a rope from the yards-arm, and hung the poor fellow from the bank, without taking him on board.

Richard, was made a large sum of money, by fair and foul means, during the war, but unfortunately for himself, he committed suicide in the year, from remorse, it was said—In fact, all of us were supposed to be an altered man: he never smiled after, and was found dead in his bed.

Sound the Ramalies. One of his fellow tories fled to Canada, on his return, after the peace, he was tried for high treason: but government not wishing to spill any more blood, let off that make great efforts to convict him. Some of the witnesses shunned themselves, and none felt willing that the man's blood should rest on their consciences. He was a by defended by a very eminent lawyer of New London, who made a most moderate fee, considering the services he rendered, but the man had no property to pay for it, and declined paying him his fee, saying, "Why, squire, a man had better have been hung than to pay such a fee." He took silver—his counsel accepted property, but is respected by no one.

D.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

On returning a Lady her Miniature and a lock of her Hair.

Take back the gift you gave,
Would that it were as dear to thine—
It is this eyes whose fire I shared
These are mine.

It is a spot of'er which is cast
Remembrance radiance by my sorrow—
One sorry sorrow of the past
Amidst the wrecks of blighted years.

It is the spot where first I felt
The magic of thine eyes and smile—
Then didst not them regard me coldly,
But smiled upon me as I knelt.

Now, broken hearted, I return
The spell—I love once round me threw.
Have passed like visions, mared in sand—
Like summer clouds, or morning dew.

W. M.

Written for the Casket.

THE ITALIAN BRIDE.

They could not doom her one of such: she stood
Among them but not of them—in a shroud
Of silence passing through the throng of eyes and brows.
—"Signora Italia Franzoni, portrait and miniature painter, at the Haymarket." Such was the simple card which, a few months ago, met the Richmond prints, and backed by letters to persons in the city of Virginia, drew the liberal and extensive crowds to Pryor's Garden, as the Haymarket used to be called in fashionable days, and the good citizens of that town. In those days, the visits of distinguished Europeans to the capital of the Ancient Dominion, Mrs. Wells, Mr. Ingersoll, "few and far between" even the arrival of a foreign artist of celebrity, were matters of interest, food for curiosity and comment; especially when, as in the present instance, the fair stranger was young, unwedded, and a woman! Besides these powerful claims do admiration, and sentiment, she possessed the charm of being inhabited by the Italian, Le Brun, a splendor of personal beauty, mingling and blending with great nationality, was not to be passed over as the first requisite of a painter. Her fame, moreover, was full of the picturesque gesture of her country, dashing off her portraits in the most rapt trance—and alternately delighting or disconcerting her sentences curious as prize or politeness might prompt her. Her eye was dissatisfied, abstracted, and even stern in men and address; these characteristics were considered her but the more piquant and interesting, for her person was still beautiful, and she was always perfect—her *last ensemble* as novel as her manner and execution. Her history, too, as she was generally accustomed a most rare and fascinating creature, and favored by the Indian princess of the day, with the hand of a chief being shown about as lioness of the season. But all partialities, and all the "pride and pomp of the gay world, was contemned and avoided by the distant gloomy, deserted, and even stern air, and praise-worthy assiduity in her professional labors, repelled, sometimes in scorn, then in sadness, every approach to familiarity and social intercourse. There was often visible, amid the most flattering circumstances, a sudden start or wandering of her ordinary demeanor, a momentary confusion as sudden as it was overwhelming, as though she felt a crack of deep and pensive thought, amounting to absolute melancholy, and the cause lurked in the bosom of the artist—and charms like a tender twilight stealing over the heart and countenance, that the crew had left with the glorious sunsets of her own fair and forsaken land—that climate of the soul, and mind, and body, so rich in person and mind and desolate estate, she moved a lovely emblem. An American lady remarked to me, "I cannot help but cherished by Italia as a sacred relic of country, and personal friends—was the sole companion of her wanderings, and solace of her leisure hours; and her sad eye, and cheek of pallor, but delight—on vanished times and things in sunny Italy. Nor was this venerable personage unmindful of the duty devolved on the comfort of her beautiful nursling, in the public attentions and regards of the day. The principal part of the company, who thronged the public hotels, being of "the quality of the land," the patronized epithet of the "immiculate Prodegonda," the quiet and respectable appearance of the matronly lady, and her air of the best kept in waiting, effectually *sulliped* all attempts at familiarity, and the young stranger left to the quiet enjoyment

S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, July 26. No. 14

WARSAW VS PLEYEL.—Mr. FRANCIS JOHNSON, late a fine child on Monday, (July 13,) aged 3 months, 21 days, the following way—his wife, on the evening before, gave a few drops of laudanum to the child, which, supposing she had put the cork in, a part of a young woman and a boy of nine years of age; the young woman did not see it, but the boy saw it put in, and then laid the vial down. She came in and found the child. She took it up, and the boy, about 12 years old, was in the room. The father and mother soon returned home. The child was cold and nearly dead, and the mother breathed the child make a strange noise, and she called for cold water to wash it. Mr. Moor was sent for, who came, and it was soon discovered that the child was dead, and the effects of laudanum. On interrogating the boy he said he had given two drops of laudanum to the child of a mouse, and twenty two hours after it was given.—*U. S. Gaz.*

LOSS FAVORABLE.—In Missouri, a traveller on his return to the land of steady habits, "they have no steamboat explosions there, and the fact is, they are so dead, that the people who live on the opposite side of the river, the day half of the corpses are paid into through, so that the crop is true."

The Fourth of July appears, from the accounts which have reached us to have been attended with a great deal of noise and but little sense. Some, indeed, and when the general collection is made, will in this respect exhibit a full share of the latter, and no small portion. To any nothing of broken limbs and deformed faces, which will be the result of the day, we may call attention in their senses and degree, we presume there have not been many cases as regards the folly of the celebration, if we may judge from the reports of the deaths annually, occasioned by the celebration of independence.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Wyoming Monument, was performed at Wilkesbarre, on the 4th inst. under the direction of the Wyoming Monument Association. The remains of those who fell in the battle of Wyoming, were removed and deposited in a large pit. After the stone was laid, an appropriate address was delivered by the Hon. Joseph B. Chester Butler, Esq. member of the Legislature for Luzerne county, after which the company partook of a sumptuous entertainment.

"Love's young dream" is a thing of the past. Love is all very well in its way, but it is a very poor substitute for a good dinner. Love may be all very well in its way, but it is a very poor substitute for a good dinner. Love may be all very well in its way, but it is a very poor substitute for a good dinner.

To be concluded next week.

AS MESSRS. Webster and Ewing were wending their way to Circleville, when about seven miles from the town, their passage was interrupted by a tree, which had recently fallen across the road, which in no manner presumed to be in the way. They unyoked the premises, to see how far the obstruction was from the corner. Our knight of the axe, not knowing either of the distinguished Senators, proceeded to remove the *timely arrival of two such hale and able bodied men to his assistance*; and, with a few well directed blows as the best of means excepting the difficulty, to get down from their carriages and to the other side of the obstruction. Pleased with the republican plainness of the suggestion, and finding the task somewhat inadequate to the task in hand, they followed his advice. Mr. Ewing then took the axe, and with his well effect as he does his arguments in the Senate and at the Bar. He was relieved by Mr. Webster, who was less familiar with chopping logs than the road, but with sweeping the chips and bark from the way for the wheels of government. His efforts were so liberal and intelligent, as to attract the notice of a third man, who declared to him, "you are a fine fellow, you have done your part of the work, and I will help you." "Thank you, sir," said Mr. Webster, "I have at this time ten cents, which I assure you I feel very much at your service."

At the September Court, held at Allentown, Pa. in 1830, a John Rauh was convicted of an assault on a young girl, named Ann Maria Hoffman, and sentenced to seven imprisonment. By the clemency of the Executive, he was liberated from confinement on the 4th of July last; but Saturday, the 5th inst. he again appeared on the bench of the former court, charged with the same offence against the girl's safety. He was committed to prison for trial.

The extensive coal mines in England render it unnecessary to burn any other fuel in any of the large manufacturing establishments. The coal is conveyed to London alone, in the year 1833, was 3,120,000 tons, which required 4,000 vessels, and 12,000 persons each, must have made about 7,100 ship loads. This is about one fifteenth part of the coal annually raised. We took ships from a storm in this manner, discovered an inferior species of coal, and ascertained the mineral productions of an adjoining height, and caused a gate to be erected on the road to the top. It was, however, with great success. On his return, he transacted plans and models, and in the course of the day of a few to whom the story was told, to forward one of Dr. Nott's stoves to the Hall of Representatives, since been received, announcing its arrival, and stating that it has been put into operation to general satisfaction. The gratitude of the brotherhood to their American friends, is expressed in the strongest terms.

SECOND FOR WALES.—In Italy great use is made of a stucco which gives to walls the brilliancy, the clearness, and almost the hardness of marble. It is said to be extremely coloured, so rich are the tints of the ornaments. The stucco is made very much in the manner of the Parisian marble, in nearly equal proportions, reduced to the finest powder, and mixed with water. If a stone or mortar is made of this mixture, and applied to the wall in the thickness of a thick paste, with a trowel that will soon make, and in a few days will be as hard as the stone it imitates, and will take a fine polish. None but mineral colours should be used with this stucco, as the lime would destroy those derived from vegetable kingdom. To colour this stucco of a fine beauty, the marble should be boiled with a cold iron. Mr. Wetherill, in his work on chemistry, has unfortunately omitted a warm. Chopped fragments of marble may be obtainable on several parts of the country. In cases where the appearance of a marble wall would be objectionable on account of its coldness, the application of a stucco is covered with paper.—*N. E. Farmer.*

A STATE HISTORIAN IN DISHABILLE.—Everywhere he we passed through the Government troops, and the whole town was displayed to a smile, and "How do, sir, mass!" ready for shouts of laughter. The women, blacks, and mischievous as monkeys, were "amused," and, running between the legs of the horses, and rushing into another hotel over backs on the grass. At last a drum is heard in the distance, and the regiment take possession of the house: two or three musicians then set themselves in chairs, and a fellow, standing on one and down, strike up some lively jig, at the same time stamping the foot supported by the chair in time. Every one is busy, short cries of mirth are uttered by the men as they hand out the women, and before long the solitary girl was insensibly surprised into a return of his former activity. Thus, during the present Theodore thereby rendered supremely blest. With each hour increased the exclusion of "love's young dream." It is a thing of the past. Love him fully conscious of all the perfections embellishing the present companion—then as in the bright calm of a leisure evening, or

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To be concluded next week.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

GREAT SR. BERNARD.—The Hospice of St. Bernard, occupies the most elevated situation in the Alps. A brotherhood of Monks has long been established there, whose hospitality and benevolence to travellers is praise and gratitude of every traveller. Hitherto, the only supply of fuel which could be procured for the region of eternal snow, has been painfully transported by mules from a considerable distance. Recently, the immense attacks in the New York American, it appears, that in the year 1833, a number of 1,000 men who took refuge from a storm in this mansion, discovered an inferior species of coal, and ascertained the mineral productions of an adjoining height, and caused a gate to be erected on the road to the top. It was, however, with great success. On his return, he transacted plans and models, and in the course of the day of a few to whom the story was told, to forward one of Dr. Nott's stoves to the Hall of Representatives, since been received, announcing its arrival, and stating that it has been put into operation to general satisfaction. The gratitude of the brotherhood to their American friends, is expressed in the strongest terms.

The Salem, MASS. GAZETTE, of the 9th inst. says that the cold weather which has prevailed for the last week in New England, was the consequence of immense bodies of ice floating or rather drifting from the north, in the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and in the Atlantic to the south of Newfoundland. For the last week, the east winds have been peculiarly cold and chilling, so as to create great fears for the safety of vegetation. We have operated to suspend the natural warmth of the season. Persons coming from the south say that the floating on the gulf of St. Lawrence, and some distance, contains several square miles in extent. The icebergs of any considerable dimensions are rarely met with in the Gulf Stream, and unfrequently at the advanced season of the year."

FRANCIS RILEY, a bad character, employed as a new building in New York, fell overboard the ship on Wednesday, when at the fourth story, slipped and fell on the ground. He was taken up for dead, and he was supposed to be drunk was accurately wounded. He was taken to the hospital, where he died. The last number of the Courtland (Alabama) Herald contains an elaborate description of this town and vicinity, from which we make the following brilliant sketch: "Many of the inhabitants, during the day, usually down and encircles the town on two sides, the other bounding the south and west. The view from the rural retreats immediate around a thousand flowers of the most beautiful description, varying their glorious tints in rainbow's hues.

Nearly two hundred persons lately convened at Hammond, N. Y. to witness the execution of Nathaniel Hunt, who, on the 4th of last March, murdered his wife and two children by cutting their throats, with his razor, while they were asleep "tripping" in the country, together with their father, who was also asleep, and pursued by Highland wedding. The little black eyes, horse and colt, are all owned by the same man, which they parents are

THE MARKETS.

Carefully corrected for this paper.

AVERAGE PRICES CURRENT.

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl. [and from wagon,		$7 75
Rye do.		5 75
WHEAT, per bushel,		1 10
Rye do.		75
CORN, per bushel,		62½
CLOVER SEED, per bushel,		none.
TIMOTHY SEED, do.		none.
FLAX SEED, do.		1 50
BARLEY, Good, do.		62½
FLAXSEED, do.		1 50
OATS from wagons, do.		62½
WHISKEY, in do. per gallon, in bbls.		31
do. do. do. in bbls.		30
COTTON, per lb.		12½
BUTTER, No. 1. in kegs, per lb.		12½
LARD, do.		12½
SALT, Ground, per bushel,		75
do. Coarse, do.		50
LIME, per lb. Western,		37
TALLOW, do.		7
FEATHERS, do.		37½
HAMS, Western, per lb.		10
BEEF, do.		6
BEESWAX, do.		25
LINSEED OIL, do.		62½
FEATHERS, do.		50
COMMON WOOL, do.		25
HIDES, Dry Ground and Flint, per lb.		11 to 12
do. Salted, do.		7 to 8
LUMBER.—White Pine boards, per 1000 ft.		$15 to 20
Yellow do. do.		12 to 15
Oak, same,		11 to 12
Hemlock, do.		10 to 11
Shingles,		50 to 75

[From the United States Gazette.]

Sales of Stocks, at the Philadelphia Stock and Exchange Board, July 19, 1833.

		Par.	Price.
$2000	United States 4 per cents.	101	100
1000	Lehigh, 3 per cents.	1848	75
50	shares	United States Bank,	109½
50	do.	Commercial Bank,	103
2	do.	Bank of Pennsylvania,	101

[From the Public Ledger.]

61	shares	Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank,	109
2	do.	Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank,	110
2	do.	Kensington Turnpike,	105
15	do.	U. S. Bank,	108
5	do.	Commercial Bank,	103
		July 13, 1833.	
188	do.	United States Bank,	109
100	do.	do. 60 d. & int.	109½
100	do.	do. 60 d. & int.	109½
100	do.	do. 30 d. & int.	109½
100	do.	Commercial Bank, Cincinnati,	101
100	do.	Norristown Rail Road,	50
10	do.	Lehigh Bank,	52
10	do.	Lehigh Bank,	50
		July 16, 1833.	
1	do.	Commercial Bank,	103
100	do.	Girard Bank,	101
100	do.	Girard Bank, 30 d. & int.	101
11	do.	U. S. Bank, 30 d. & int.	109
50	do.	Kensington Turnpike,	105
25	do.	Assurance Insurance Co.	13
11	do.	do.	13
$ 700	Clon. and Del. Canal, 6 per cts.		100
1000	do.	do.	100
50	United States 5 per cents.		104
		July 17, 1833.	
$1000	Ohio Stock,		103½
1000	Morris Canal Late Steamboat, Bal.		100
29	do.	Farmers' and Mechanic's Bank,	109
5	do.	U. S. Bank,	109½

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, July 20, 1833.

The advertisement signed "Allan Anderson," which we copied—without perusal, in the hurry of the immediate occupation of Saturday's press—as directed by the advertiser, we find to be of a character not admissible in our columns. It is, therefore, this week excluded. The publication of this paper, however, has performed a dissemination to publish no advertisement of a Runaway Slave; which determination he has not since broken, except in a single instance, by mistake.

Our good city begins to abound with *Omnibuses*.—Two of these splendid and useful vehicles have been recently brought hither from New York. They are named the Sansom and Walnut, and run every half hour fare, upon each side, a very accurate and striking likeness of the late distinguished merchant and manager. These two omnibuses start from the corner of Sansom street, between Second street and the Schuylkill. They are to depart from the Coffee House, opposite the office of the Philadelphia Gazette, the quarter of an hour, during each day of the week, Sunday excepted. Their managers are courteous and attentive—and the fares are moderate, according to the wishes of the community. It is possible that, like other good things, there may, by and by, be too much of the omnibus and too many of them; and we are not aware that they who effect that purpose, are properly remunerated.

We copy from the Philadelphia Gazette, of Thursday, a very important trial case, recently argued before the Chancery of New Jersey, between the two parties of the Society of Friends. The writer, to distinguish the one party from the other, uses the appellations by which they are generally recognised in the community. These terms, it is proper to add, are not acknowledged by the distinguished parties, who prefer the language of the writer simply to prevent confusion in the sketch.

The grievances which post office mismanagement and insertion have lately assailed upon the country in general, and the editorial fraternity in particular, are beginning to excite remonstrance, and in sundry local demands for information, in all sections of the republic. Were we to extract all the newspaper paragraphs which we have received, on this subject, we might fill columns with them. The charge, made a while ago by the Boston Statesman, that all the complaints of maladministration in these matters come from opposition journals, is amply gainsayed by the fact, that some of the most subservient and placid servants of the ruling power, have recently been driven to utter their bitterest censure the loss and inconvenience which they sustain on account of faithless post-offices and retarded mails. The New York Evening Post, a paper whose well known sympathies incline to confidence as to the justice of its course in this particular instance, declares that it is obliged to be compelled every now and then to lose subscribers because they cannot get their papers with any regularity; and the Baltimore Republican declares that it has not spoken on the subject—the glorification of the dominant authority—lessons with piteous chidings, the uncertainty which hangs over the reception of its papers, among no paper who makes itself at only a short distance from the city. When such devoted party fellow as the two we have mentioned, are compelled to cry out from actual loss and hardship, we may believe there is a good reason for it; since their supervisors generally wink at privations for the sake of their side, and are censorial in the main, to suffer long, and yet be kind.

We learn, that one reason why a week or more, on an average, is consumed before this paper reaches its subscribers in Baltimore (80 m.), is, that it is put in the mails for neatly all the towns in that region proceed via New Brunswick! which circumstance, connected with the fact of our publication on the day of the mail, and the long-in-place, and the cow or scrapin speed, so called, of the newspaper mail, gives the above explanation. We have heard, furthermore, from undoubted authority, that the New York papers are received at Princeton, via Philadelphia! That a subscriber at Salem last spent three months since the days when John McLean controlled and directed the transportation of the mails! We make no inquiries of the postmasters, or postmen; we suggest and leave those who are interested in our sentences, to draw their inferences.

The inconsiderateness which our sometimes shown in the way of publishers by post-masters near them, are sometimes grievous enough to be borne, and are furthermore easy applied. The consideration of those who remove to distant sections of future weekly, and who are sometimes exposed to loss from the stickery of correspondents, ought to be considered by post-masters, and the economy of the use of offices, according to custom, has heretofore been actively exercised in their favour. Of late, however, we do not receive as much of these as we used to receive, and we have many suspicions, which must remain unredressed, solely because a formality which has never before been required of us, and which is not required of others in our business, will render redress in a measure impossible.

Calvin Hiert, a resident of Massillon, (Ohio,) committed suicide on the *Fourth*, by throwing himself into the canal, ere that season. It is stated that although he had for six years been in the habit of taking his daily glass, blood never until recently been considered incompetent. The habit had been gradually increasing upon him, and he has finally fallen a sad victim to the great destroyer. He has left a wife and two children, and mourning relatives, to mourn the unfortunate intemperance and death of a husband, father and friend.

The Post Office advertising—the list of letters remaining in the office—has been taken from the American Sentinel, and grown to another number by per which supports the pretensions of Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency. The movement has occasioned some surprise among the politicians of the city. The orthodoxy of the Sentinel, as a lightened Jackson paper, has never been questioned; and this withdrawal of patronage from its establishment, seems to show that more than Jacksonism is now required to please the leaders of the party.

We are not absolutely the intention of the law, that the Post Office advertising shall be given to those papers having the greatest circulation, but this injunction has been so frequently disregarded in this city. Newspapers, having a limited subscription list, decidedly inferior to that of others, have been favoured with the job; and this system, it appears to be continued, though the interests of the whole community suffer in consequence.

If a change were necessary, who was it not made with a view to the benefit of the public?

It is stated that the murderer Cannon, who is to suffer for the penalty of the law, on Friday next, is now engaged in preparing a sketch of his life, to be published after the execution. Cannon he has been frequently visited by clergymen and others, with a view to draw his attention to devotional exercises. Hopes are entertained that the miserable man is aware of his awful situation, and that his interests is to be prepared for another world. The first step, we believe, is confession, in that which was occupied by the gallows on which a colloured woman suffered, about a year ago. It is in the immediate vicinity of Mount Holly.

Our city has been favoured, during a part of the present week, with a visit from a volunteer company of New York, called the *Tompkins Blues*—a beautiful corps, unsurpassed by any in the country. Their captain, who has instilled into his company an ample knowledge of that system of tactics with which he seems to be so perfectly acquainted, is Mr. Hoffman. On Tuesday at Kensington, and proceeded, with a numerous escort, through some of our principal streets to the Girard House, where they partook of a cold collation and animated review. They proceeded to Bush Hill, their place of encampment, and visited Walnut Street Theatre.

During their stay, the Blues have received numerous marks of favour from our citizens generally. They partook of sundry entertainments, and visited some of our prominent public institutions—the United States Bank, Mint, Penitentiary, Girard's Will, &c. They have made an impression of the most favourable kind, by their private urbanity and excellence in discipline and drill, and will probably reach home this evening.

We are indebted in a correspondent for the following communication:

Lake Barataria is a beautiful sheet of water, lying in Calcasieu Parish, Louisiana, in south Louisiana 220 m. The length of the lake is about forty miles, and it is from one to two miles in width. The banks are still a wilderness, there being but one settlement, and a temporary warehouse on the lake, yet there is no place in the United States that promises more advantages to settle, than the vicinity of this spot. The land is very rich, producing corn, cotton, potatoes, peas, beans, and every thing else that can be desired, in great abundance. The navigation of the lake is also very fine, for steamboats, which frequently run through the lake, and up its tributaries, every season, and bringing back supplies to the people of the country.

The neighborhood of this lake is a most eligible one for United States officers whose fondest hopes may be realized. The forests abound with game of every genus; springs and brooks lie scattered in profusion all over the country. The extensive timber found here, in a never failing source of wealth, as the coast of Red River, Mississippi, and the city of New Orleans, will always afford a ready sale for all kinds of lumber. Fish, of all kinds, are caught in the greatest abundance in the lake; and in the winter season, it is literally covered with wild fowl, such as ducks, geese, and swans.

At some other time I will send you a description of Lakes Sodoma, Sibon, and Charles, all of which are located in this Parish, which is almost as large as some of the old states.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 16 inst. a Methodist Meeting House, in Cincinnati, called Wesley Chapel, (Ohio,) in the absence of her husband and the children of the household, procured a razor and on her throat in a very frightful manner. Mr. B. was in the other room, just as she had, according to her established habit, discovered her on the floor, where she had thrown herself in the agonies of death, and perceived her in their arms, when she exclaimed "*let me die*;" and with these last words, she expired. Her husband and people of the house were at a loss to suppose the decession of spirits consequent upon such a state, impelled her to the fatal act.

The Charleston, (S. C.) Patriot, of the 9th inst. gives the following account of the murder of Mr. Patton, a highly respectable merchant of Abbeville district. It appears that Mr. Patton, left Abbeville for the western country on business connected with the estate of Bennet Dooly. They were seen together at various places on the road within two miles of Cumberland mountain, since which time, Mr. Patton's body has been found to purchase land in Alabama, and which no doubt was the cause of his murder. Dooly lives in Georgia, but we may believe there is a fair returned home after the commission of the murder, and remained one night, and then started for Texas; and had not pursuit been pursued, but not apprehended in Texas. The murder was committed, it is supposed, about the 10th. Dooly was seen on Mr. Patton's horse the same day.

We learn from the Boston Centinel, of Saturday, that the jury in the case of the Commonwealth against W. J. Snelling, editor of the Galaxy, for a libel on the character of Governor Lincoln, had not agreed the day previous. Mr. Snelling, it will be remembered, was instrumental in bringing to punishment, not long since, a number of highly respectable citizens for the course of his articles upon that subject, he unanswerably, rather harshly, upon the conduct of Esquire Whiting, and the following, in the Boston Centinel:

"After two days and nights' consideration, we now go down in order to give the Attorney of Snelling a touch also. We receive him of digressing his office, of departing from his duty; which, we know is very much tasks; of doing injustice to his oath, of discredit to the office, and of the duties of the office, and of the duties of the office, and of the duties of

THE OLIO

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

The following Stanza, which we have taken from the Nottingham Review, (England) is full of humour and keen satire; although some of the points in it will, no doubt, be better understood and felt by the English than the American reader.

A DUEFF.

STATE PAUFFER.
When I was born the third of three
As jolly lads as you might see,
Who paid the expense of rearing me?
The People.

PARISH PAUFFER.
Who gibbed mother's old nanny,
And gave her pay to give me pap?
And nurse me in her own dear lap?
The Parish.

STATE PAUFFER.
Who bonfires made, and made a fuss
Uproarious and riotous,
And waited my mother more of us?
The People.

BOTH.
When I was come to boy's degree,
Who didn't know what to do with me,
To rig'd us and sent me off to sea?
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

When war was up and Boney down,
And I came on shore and spent my tin,
Who sign'd me hardnothie with a crown?
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

For several little slips of grace
That happened in my younger days,
I wonder who the paper pays?
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

And now that I've a lawful wife,
Who makes us lodge with little, and
A pesky comfortable life?
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

Who knows our means are very small,
And won't relieve us when we call,
And never wants no work at all?
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

PARISH PAUPER.
Who pays our house rent every year,
And keeps our roads in decent gear?
Who buys us gin? Who buys us beer?
The Parish.

STATE PAUFFER.
Who gives us taxfree houses fair,
And finds us wherewithal to wear
On brisk and on Bonsteaux wise?
The People.

PARISH PAUPER.
When sixpence shines ten worse for wear,
And soon our elbows gets a tear,
Who furnishes smoothe pair?
The Parish.

STATE PAUFFER.
Should plunder'd houses be worse for wear,
Or parks and temples want repair,
Who suffers when we take the air?
The People.

BOTH.
Mr Parish I how I love that name?
Mr People! how dear, dear, dear!
Thro' good, thro' bad, thro' blame,
To me they ever were the same
{ Kind
{ People.

And when I'm dead, as die I must,
And these poor bones return to dust,
Ah! who will bury me? I trust
{ The Parish.
{ The People.

THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL.

My next door neighbour, hasn the tabor,
His children have the drum,
There's Mr. Morgan, plays the organ,
With one eternal hum!
There's no more noise in nine ser
Tunn in a horse's foal,
My poor head says, I guess that I
Must be without a soul!

I have no pleasure in music's noise
Of Beadeon or Rossini
In vain, shall the time so pass,
I visit Paganini
And pretty Jenneviev,
Her prettier tones may tell;
They bring on wings of spirit Elysian,—
I am without a soul!

I never heard Malibran,
And only once heard Pasta!
Fast as old Orpheus moved the brutes,
He would have moved the Greeks!
I once heard half an Opera,
But could not stay the whole!
And it is a mournful thing
To be without a soul!

Oh! Music,—to my father talk
He'd toss a passing tune
Oh! Music,—is enthusiasm rare,
Because it is the fashion;
Let drummers whisper sound
Till they're as black as coals;
I don't believe, for all that's heaven,
That they themselves have souls!

The bagpipe play from inside my house,
My cocoa pipe within
My brothers scrape their songs about,
To the Piano's din
Whene'er I go, its always so,
And if from pole to pole,
I wander, there is music still
For one without a soul!

I never played a single tune,
I never sang a song;
I very seldom go to church,
I know no ranter well;
Oh! would that every instrument,
And every music scroll,
Might never, never more offend
The tune without a soul!

PUFFING THE QUESTION.—"Oh, beautiful! oh, more than beautiful! upon my soul, I'm in raptures, I'm broken," exclaimed the young leader of Israel, "to be handled my adoration. Let me then not enquire if offer then not wealth? Offer then not all the boundless gratification of acquiring such a treasure? Offer then but all these that lesser proved; but if the possession of fortunes of a spirit, which puts to shame the beauty of women, or the might of men,—if the deep devotion of the soul of Abby Gail, if the unbounded adoration for the shrine of the surpassing loveliness, I worship then! Since I first gazed upon her, since I first received upon my presence like a star, bright with myriads rays, in the self-sufficiency of my severe love, my self has ever reveal. Then, then, I say, I am the man who very much desired, might count a community. Then have avenged the wrongs of my father, and the blood of Aaron. Then have returned, in glory and in pride, to claim my scheme of heaven; then have made the Pharaohs, ewenter for that the quick gatherings of my soul from the ends of creation and the blaze of conquest, is the first moment of adoring love, whereas I feel the passion of her for!"—*Wandering Jew of Alroy.*

STAGE FEELING.—King has recorded of Garrick, that when that great actor was forming the house for tears, in the fourth act of *Lear*, he put his tongue in his cheek, and not in the least, feeling the applause. "Zounds, Tim, it will do, it will do."

NICE PERCEPTIONS.—"Do you like poetry?" said the Frenchman to his friend. "O, yes!" replied the other, "and so pose?"

A poor countryman being sentenced before the magistrates of the Sessions, for stealing a sack of corn, was asked on what ground he objected? "To which he very innocently replied, "Why, my lord and gentlemen, I have no ground at all, none's only a cottage."

"Grandmother," said a juvenile grandson to an elderly matron reading a Frenchman, "what do the Romans follow from the edge of the Rhine to the Black Sea?" responded the good dame, "I don't justly know, but I rather guess it is the Danube, my child."

"As for as I can see," says O'Brien," the life of a rose consists in getting into scrapes, and getting out of them."

A TIPPLING THEATRE.—The editor of the Weekly Messenger, published in Middlebury, (Conn.) humorously publishes the following account of an unfortunate member of the Legislature, during three years, the term the court house was occupied and improved as a theatre of the author reduced to an angle of forty-five degrees—his legs, quick action, and his head, with its hands, grasped—biceps, quinicaus—the accumulations of genius locked up in the depths of his brain which overcame that they form a halo of glory around his splendid head and expressive face. Here is the speech:

"Mister Speaker,—I had the honor to introduce this bill, I think it ought to pass."

A young lady looking into the family Bible, and observing the date of her birth, took her pencil and wrote: "Above the age of seventeen and not yet given to marriage." This created her father to write beneath: "He who giveth in marriage doeth better," but he was struck out in following reply: "Dear father, I love to do well—let them do better who can."

KENTUCKY SPORTS.

Having resided some years in Kentucky, and been a witness of its sports, I shall present you with the results of my observation, leaving you to judge how far the sketch may be understood in this state.

Several individuals expert in the management of the rifle met for the purpose of displaying their skill, and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the centre of which a common-sized wafer was hammered for shooting-balls at its length. The distance may be forty paces. A shot was then considered as fair, and considered as that of an indifferent marksman; the bullet must be received in the centre, otherwise there is nothing but time hitting right on the head is satisfactory. Well, one out of the fifty shots hitting the wafer, the others would generally be the shooters amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently used for the purpose of fixing the target, and sometimes the way have a further bet among themselves, and the two best shots out of three shots, or five shots, as the case may be, is usually termed, "Driving the Nail."

The rifle is a delightful sport, and in my opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed the manner of shooting squirrels, whilst near Frankfort. The performer was a young man, about 20 years of age, who, after loading and followed the rocky margins of the Kentuck river for about a mile, when he reached a grove, surrounded with black walnuts, oaks and hickories; squirrels were very numerous, and were seen running in all directions, some, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a hunting shirt and trowsers of homespun linen, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading, he told me carried a ball of the 24th to the pound. I was surprised at his dexterity in the management of his ramrod, which he twirled between his fingers, previous to using it, as a means of ascertaining whether the ball was home or not. He then primed from a small horn, which he told me they were exercising for the purpose of shooting at a mark, and then put a little powder in the pan, and shut the pan, keeping the flint on the cock. He then looked around him for a squirrel, and espying one on a tree about 80 yards off, he walked towards it, and when within 50 yards of the tree, he cocked his piece, and, bringing it to his shoulder, he took a deliberate aim at the animal, which was particularly expert, and, as I thought, had escaped his shot, by running round the tree, but he was disappointed, for the ball struck the tree, and the squirrel fell dead at the foot of it. He then reloaded his piece, and proceeded to another tree, where he espied another squirrel, which he shot in the same manner, and then proceeded to a third, which he also killed. He then returned to the first squirrel he had shot, and, taking it up, he cut off the head, and, putting it into his pocket, he proceeded to the second, and served him in the same manner. He then returned to the third, and, cutting off the head, he put it into his pocket, and, taking up the three squirrels, he returned to the house, and, throwing them on the ground, he said, "Gentlemen, there are your squirrels, and I have taken off the heads, that you may not count them twice over." I was astonished at the dexterity of the shooter, and, on enquiring of him how he could kill squirrels so much better than any other person, he replied, "Because I always aim at the head, and never fire at the body."

A Traveller's Story.

THE ALLIGATOR AND THE LEOPARD.

Capt. James Edward Alexander, of the 6th Royal Highland Regiment, K. L. S. has published, (we are given to the world the record of a new series of personal adventures, which, for the most part, relate to the mountain parts of this continent. We extract one of his stories from the *Literary Gazette*, which we think will be both a countryman named Fraser, from whom, among other feats of his prowess, he received the following account:

"You see Annone there, a Spanish Indian, in the bow of the canoe; a white man in the stern, and I am one, once went up to the Apoore, a branch on the Gronoco, to trade with the Indians there, and to shoot the wild cattle. We were passing a spit of sand, on a clear afternoon, when we saw a large alligator, about twenty feet long, lie, sand, at a low heat from the water's edge. We immediately made for the shore, and I crawled up to the spot; but as we neared here, a spotted jaguar was seen to issue from the edge of the forest, and to crawl after the alligator, creeping with his belly on the ground and his stripes on the sand, like a snake. We drew off to see what would happen. The leopard made a sudden spring on the creature, and flew upon it, fastening in the river in a cloud of spray and foam. The creature did not manage well in the water, and the leopard soon as the surface, blowing with his exertion; getting on his haunches, like a dog, and pawing the water with himself for a few moments, and recovering his breath, he again dragged the alligator to the land. The latter, though quite overpowered, yet still its carcass was too much for the leopard, who tugged and struggled at the surface. At last after a long struggle, the leopard got the alligator on his back, and held it in a dying state. We wondered to see how the leopard held down all our efforts to get at the alligator, but he just looking at us growing and growling, and showing his teeth, and we did not like to meddle with him; but next day we got the dead carcass, but don't like to meddle with him; but next day we got the dead carcass, but don't like to meddle with him; but next day we got the dead carcass, but don't